Grumpy Teacher Carries Child

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/47941078.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/M, Gen, M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Alana Bloom/Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom & Will Graham, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Alana Bloom, Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham's Dogs, Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Comfort No Hurt, Cute Kids, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Meet-Cute, One-Sided Hannibal Lecter/Will Graham, Smitten Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Hannibal AU
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-17 Words: 1,629 Chapters: 1/1

Grumpy Teacher Carries Child

by Marwana

Summary

Hannibal is shown a short video of Will carrying around a child. he is instantly enamoured by the sight.

"The video itself was not of an overly impressive quality though he had no doubt that the source material was much better. He was only somewhat surprised to see the form of Will walk through the shot."

Notes

Just a cute little one-shot I thought of a while ago but finally had the time to finish. Enjoy!

The video circulated around very quickly within the FBI environment, and it did not take long before Hannibal had the pleasure to watch it. Surprisingly enough, it had been Alana who had shared the short movie with him during one of their 'dinner dates'.

"You have to watch this," she told him one evening after they had finished dinner as she fiddled with her phone before she handed it to him. He could just suppress the disdain he felt as he noticed she had had the device near her the entire time, "it's too precious to miss out on. Someone had to bring their baby to their classes today and… Well, see for yourself."

He shot her a questioning look, but she just gestured for him to start watching. With some curiosity coursing through him, he started the short video but only after he had quickly read the title accompanying the file. It clearly involved one of the handful of the qualified individuals within the FBI that taught the promising minds carrying a child, but it did not make it obvious which teacher it was. Knowing Alana, he had either met and worked together with whoever it was or she was just enamoured with the image itself and wanted to use it as a very subtle hint.

The video itself was not of an overly impressive quality though he had no doubt that the source material was much better. He was only somewhat surprised to see the form of Will walk through the shot. The younger man was barely visible due to the combination of the dim lightning in the lecture hall and the presentation glowing behind him. It was clearly meant to record the particular class he had been giving at the time, but whoever had made it had been kind enough to enlarge Will and to enhance what he had been saying.

The fact that it was about *Will* did explain the grumpy part.

It started pretty normal, contrary to the title. Will was just moving around, waving his hand towards the screen, clearly lecturing on one of the many killers the FBI was trying to catch or had caught in the past. It was not one he was familiar with, but the section of the slide he could see did not show any real talent within the perpetrator or appreciation for the subtle art of taking the life of another. Abigail had shown more artistic talent in her gutting of Boyle than whichever killer had slain the victim shown. Neither the kill nor the killer was not the main attraction of the video, however, so he quickly dismissed his disdain of whoever was currently the focus of the lecture to turn towards what truly was important about the short movie he was currently watching.

The dear boy was in one of the outfits he used to wear when he came to his office before his stint in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminal Insane and his hair was a mess of fly-away, uncombed curls. Nowadays he looked much more put together whenever they saw each other, and he felt a brief stab of regret that he could not convince him to wear something more formfitting. Not that it mattered, Will was a delight to see no matter what he wore or how his hair was styled. It was just a shame that he could not actually see his gorgeous eyes.

It was hard to make out his expression, but he seemed to be in his element. He even appeared to make eye contact with his audience, though they were not actually within the video itself.

It was maybe a handful of seconds into the movie that a surprising sound could suddenly be heard. Specifically, the very characteristic noise of a young child or baby making its frustration known by wailing. Loudly. It explained the title immediately.

The fact that Will had allowed someone to bring their babe into his lecture hall was not the most surprising part, though from the comments he had read below caring was *not* something anyone believed him capable of when they considered his looks and the subjects he taught. He just looked misanthropic and forever sinisterly grumpy, and his reputation had taken quite the hit after his incarceration.

It said something about the future of the FBI when its most promising members could not make out the sheer amount of dogs Will took excellent care of by noticing the hairs permanently present on his cloths, no matter what he wore and no matter how clean they were. Will did make sure to remove most of the hairs, but he always inevitably missed some of them. Enough, at the very least, that he had known that his darling had at least four dogs before he had ever opened up enough to talk about them. They should have realised long before now that Will would never hurt an innocent, nor did he *not* care.

The astonishing bit came when, after another couple of seconds of the father trying and failing to shush the child, Will moved out of the camera's reach. He was still heard lecturing the class, but it had become more distant and no enhancing seemed to be able to make it more distinct. A shame, truly. His voice when he was comfortable within his own skin was a delight to listen to.

The piercing sound of the heart-rendering cries became hiccupped sobs, however, and it did not take long before Will moved back into view. He was carrying the babe on his right hip.

It was indeed a very *precious* sight to see.

The child was maybe a year old and had bright eyes in a light colour that stared tearily up at the, for her, strange man who steadily rocked her while talking. Her skin was pale and she was chubby in a healthy way. She was dressed in a light blue coloured shirt that appeared to be a tiny dress, leggings that might be a darker blue or even black, and two tiny pigtails in her dark hair. She might have been Will's daughter if one did not know better.

The girl stuffed her tiny fist in her mouth after a short while, and she kept on staring up at Will. Her other hand had managed to grasp onto his worn jacket.

The FBI special agent kept on pacing as he continued his lecture. His right arm was securely folded around the tiny human being he was holding firmly against him. His left arm was used to emphasis on the profile of the murderer. Every once in a while, he would readjust the child so she would not slide down any further. Every single time he did so, the girl would coo or guggle around her own hand.

It was such a contradiction to watch. The scruffy, serious looking teacher talking about a particular gruesome crime scene holding a cherubic babe so very tenderly.

He was instantly enamoured with the scene and it did not take long before his fantastic mind and imagination took over. He envisioned a Will dressed in a formfitting two piece suit in a

colour flattering those sharp, all seeing eyes. His curls slicked back and his facial hair groomed to perfection. This Will, *his* Will, was carrying an angelic, familiar looking, blonde girl on his hip in the same loving manner he was currently holding the tiny brunette. He placed him within his kitchen, and imagined a slightly older brunette – young woman, really – just as nicely dressed attentively listening to whatever the dear man was saying.

Sadly enough, the video broke off a couple of seconds later which brought him back to reality. It had barely lasted a minute and a half, but it had seemed longer.

“It is surprising to see him like this, isn’t it,” Alana was eager to say as soon as the video started again. She seemed to have forgotten for the moment that he was angry with Will for his attempt to have him killed at the hands of another. It could also be that she had forgiven Will for his perceived transgression in light of his obvious care ad tenderness for the young child.
He hummed as he watched the pleasing scene play out a second time. It was just as delightful to watch Will handle the tiny girl the second time as it had been the first.

“It both is, and is not. From what I was told, Will took the Lost Boys case especially hard *and* he managed to talk one of the boys down when he threatened him with a gun,” he answered her absentmindedly, “Will is also genuinely very loving and caring when it comes to his dogs. Children, especially young ones, do not have any expectations or prejudices against the people around them. It is therefore not astonishing that Will is capable of connecting to one barely a year old and showing it unbridled and uncomplicated tenderness.”

“I did not know that,” Alana said slowly with a heavy frown, “I was informed that he had consulted on that case, but I wasn’t aware he had taken it badly.”
He shot her a close-mouthed smile as he powered the phone down after the video finished playing for the second time. He would make sure he would send the short movie to himself when Alana was distracted. He had long since memorised the code to unlock her mobile phone in case he needed it.

He smoothly changed the topic to the lecture she was planning, but in the back of his mind one of the many tracks within his consciousness started to create plans to make his vision of Will with child reality.

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